

## Free Beer No Cover "Worldwide"

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Yeah yeah yeah  
We got my man Extra P in the house  
But me and my man Akinyele  
you know we goin Worldwide this tour  
Cause yo you know how that go  
We gon' get together y'all, word up  
That's how we gon' bring it to you  
We gon' go all around the world  
get this money, and do what we got to do  
Word up, my man Rhasaan in the house  
We gon' bring it to y'all like this, word up  
Just give it to em Ak.. UHH

[Akinyele]  
I been in and out all areas  
And all you true hip-hop fans, you know the Ak's takin  
care of ya  
Slap your ass with real rap  
I keep it underground, like subways, so I can stay on  
track  
I'm not a carpenter, but I'll cut the rug  
Think you can hang with Ak? Ha, that's your brain on  
drugs  
Smack fire out your ass like a flag from \_Backdraft\_  
Didn't peep the movie, you don't know the half  
Schoolin MC's until they start learnin  
We don't gotta be Mississippi to watch the Ak start  
Burning  
I kick that shit that's known to hit  
So much rap lines, you might fuck around and hang  
clothes on it  
But yo it ain't no THING in it, your static-free rhymes  
that you kick, need to be kicked, cause it doesn't got no  
CLING in it  
Then you turn around and start SINGIN it  
Hard Akinyele be brought, so I'm here to start BRINGIN  
it  
First cannibalistic rhymer, eatin bitch niggaz  
by the statistics, like, Jeffery Dahmer's  
Huh, scrapin you like a SCULPTURE, murder you for the  
VULTURE

My dozen dirty, my brains be donated to agri-CULTURE  
So come on and face it, my skills are like medicine  
nigga  
You just don't wanna taste it  
You best to slide to the side, another corner of the map  
Cause this here is worldwide

Worldwide -- yeah yeah (repeat 4X)

[Akinyele]

Put them tired rhymes to bed, and loosen up your laces  
Your shoes are too tight, and now it's goin to your  
HEAD  
Me you feel you can pull with  
Remember that I'm not a matador, so get off that bull-  
shit  
I put rappers and singers in they place  
A real rudebwoy with the raz', I write it all over your  
face  
Leavin you bloodier than a MaxiPad  
Crayola crayons, they'd have to Color Me Badd  
So play like a midget and FORGET it  
Cause I put oil to the fire, like an arsonist  
when it comes time to SET it  
I get more run than an ATHLETIC  
Sharp as a hyper-DERMIC  
Lyrics are flavored up like a dia-BETIC  
I recoups, and they try to step to this  
Nowadays I probably have as much kids as Jerry Lewis  
My rhymes drip like a RAZOR, punch like Joe FRAZIER  
I don't sell shoes, because I don't believe in FAVORS  
Ducks better break North, before I start  
baggin that ass, like a motherfuckin washcloth  
Winnin battles cause I'm a hip-hop soldier  
Act like you know, and fuck what your girl told ya  
No bluff, for years I've been IN THIS  
A nine to five employee don't got shit on me  
cause I done stepped to nuff rapper BUSINESS  
Beggin for for-GIVENESS  
Channel 7 news and people from Jehovah done  
WITNESSED  
the whole Akinyele vibe  
You know what I'm sayin kid, this here is worldwide

Worldwide -- yeah yeah (repeat 4X)

[Akinyele]

Ak not catchin wreck, come the fuck on  
Ring the alarm, I drop bombs like the Guard in Vietnam  
I kick that shit, niggaz dream to write  
My brain so hot that it ignites, but you can't see the

light

Fast rappers can't speed by this, you better slow down  
because I'm puttin the brakes on your ass like Midas  
Nope, it don't matter what type of slang you drop  
I give you rope and you still can't hang with the Ak  
For years I put ears through therapy  
Watch a episode of Cheers before you come try the  
beer with me  
I graduated from lobbies, bangin on walls for a hobby  
I battle anybody, even a dead body  
I got rhymes that would attack ya  
so you better watch your back, or fuckin hire a  
chiropractor  
Ain't nuthin change from BEFORE, slap niggaz with  
mani-CURES  
Stomp you down, after a pedi-CURE  
Here's another lesson, I'm not a quiz  
So that talk about me not gettin biz that's out of the  
question  
It's a Ak, jam, god damn don't get slammed  
You catch the backhand, word to my dead man  
You best to rest if you want peace  
Cause like a hooker from up the street, I'm down for  
beef  
I'm hotter than a sauna again the drama is rugged  
Word to Sinead O'Connor, I be tearin shit up  
Cause I sprayin immaculate, like a Mac-11..

\* impossible to make out the rest of the verse with  
voiceovers \*

I take you to London Worldwide  
I take you to Europe Worldwide  
Come back to Queens Worldwide  
I take you to Russia Worldwide  
I take it to the North pole Worldwide  
I bring it back to Queens  
I give it to em Worldwide  
I take it to the West Indies  
I give it to em Worldwide  
I take you to India  
I give it to em Worldwide  
I bring it back to Queens  
I give it to em Worldwide  
I take it to Germany  
I give it to em Worldwide  
I take it to...

